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ANNAMALAINAGAR

MISCELLANY

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Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair.

Mr. T. Krishnankutty Menon.

Editorial.

"Just as if thou wert sitting at a feast in the winter-time and the fire were kindled and the hall warmed and without it rained and snowed and stormed. And a sparrow entered and swiftly flew through the house, coming in by one door and departing through the other. Lo! that time is but the twinkling of an eye. Thus appears to me this present life."

What the Anglo-Saxon writer wrote is equally applicable to a University, which is a microcosm of life. We have our own laws and customs, we grow and evolve, and the mutability and transience of life affect us no less. Faces once familiar pass beyond our ken, and new faces come to fill their places, as people come, stay for a while, and go on again. This term we have missed regretfully Prof. Khadye and we welcome heartily Prof. Srinivasa-chariar. We hope that our connection with the one is not ended, and that with the other it may be successful and happy.

Now as the Ides of March approach there are uneasy signs of conscience stirring in the breasts of many students. Several are showing a distinct tendency to listen to lectures. An unconfirmed rumour is passing like wildfire in unofficial circles to the effect that one notorious absentee has entered an appearance at all his lectures for a whole week. The sword of Damocles is impending, the Examiner has girded his loins for the annual tussle and the scared examinees have withdrawn into a brown study.

Among others a more bravado spirit prevails.

'Let us eat and be merry for tomorrow we die' seems to be the motto of the moment, as the feasts in various sections testify. But a cheerful activity has not been lacking among more care-free people. The Annual Variety Entertainment went off very successfully. The Andhra Sangham and other bodies are still vigorously functioning, and the Union Meetings still maintain their vociferous popularity.

Wherefore to the timorous of heart who count the hours to their Day of Judgment we wish all success; and to the careless of heart numbering the days before their release of the vacation we say 'Be of good comfort'.

One word more. What has become of the 'Nagar nightingales? Why are the Annamalai bulbuls silent? Contributors who have charmed multitudes with their words have withheld their pens, and not enough articles are being sent to the Miscellany. But we know the rivers of genius have not dried up and we appeal to every one to send us the pearls of their thought and creative artistic ability.

All for a Son.

The night was dark but clear; the little birds at the tree tops that chattered and quarrelled a moment ago, had declared a truce and gone to sleep; a white mist hung about the trees, blotting out the sky line, seeming to be listening. Presently a low moan, as that of a stricken hind, crept across from one end of the garden and penetrated the mist; suddenly it broke into sobs, and between the sobs some incoherent words broke through the darkness "my God.........a son.........a son ....all for a son."

But the house, a little farther away, presented the very picture of gaiety. There was a large gathering of people in the courtyard with the inevitable noise and stir—torches burning, men shouting, women lauging, and children screaming,—all to the languishing strains of the village flutes. A soft fragrance of flowers and of rose water floated about the place shedding an atmosphere of romance.

Amidst this delightful confusion, was seen moving the figure of a handsome young man of about thirty, tall and spare, with a slight stoop and a narrow chest. He was clad in silk, and glittered in diamonds, and caughed with dignity as he bestowed a smile on every new arrival.

"I am so glad you have come," he kept saying to every one, "I was afraid, you might be held up, seeing what a busy man you are." There was an air of self-consciousness about him, his every movement emphasising that he was a factor to be reckoned with.

And why shouldn't he feel so important? Was he not the village Munsiff, Rajam, the lingering scion of the house of Pandyas of revered memory, who had in their day been as brave as any man that ever drew sword? Further more, was he not going to be married for the second time, the next morning, to Leela, the charming daughter of the Munsiff of the neighbouring village, who would not only bring him a great dowry—for he had not altogether abandoned all hopes of reviving the fallen glories of his gallant house—but would also confer on him a son, which was far more important to his purpose —a son who would at once remove his reproach among men, build up his house, and ensure his happiness, after death, among the shades of his forbears.

'True' he had been heard to say to one of his friends,who had known his first wife Ruku as a child, and couldn't quite appreciate Rajam's desire to marry again while she was alive, "True, Ruku and I have been married these five years and more, and most happily too ; I don't remember to have quarrelled with her even once in all these years. I love her now as much as I did on the day I married her ; but, you know, a time comes when a man wants something more than a wife. I have always longed for a son ;—Yes ; I want a son more than anything else in life. Year after year, since my marriage, I have lived in the hope of getting a son ; but to day, the chances seem further than ever. Perhaps, as you say, I could wait a little longer before I decide things, but, my mother says, she cannot wait any more. She keeps telling me that so far I have failed in my life, that she is getting

old, and might die at any moment, and that her great wish is to hold my boy in her arms before she closes her eyes. Surely there could be nothing wrong in marrying a second wife, in these circumstances ; the laws allow it, and custom demands it. Ruku, of course, will feel a little annoyed at first, but she will soon get over it, when she finds that I have not changed in my love for her. She will always live with us, and continue to enjoy all the prerogatives of her rank as my first wife—surely, no woman could ask for more. And, after all, as my mother once said,—and she has been a wife and mother and knows what she is talking about—"it is out of mere bounty' that men love women, and many a woman would be content to have a smile from me."

His scruples, thus put to sleep, Rajam seemed to enjoy immensely the crowd that had rallied round to wish him joy on the eve of his marriage.

But, all the time whispers were rampant among the women and an old lady, who had been watching the events of the day with secret fears, asked Rajam's mother, who stood by, in something more than a whisper, "Where is Ruku, your daughter ?" No sooner had the question passed her lips than it was flashed from mouth to mouth until every one kept repeating it in an excited way. A search was made immediately ; they looked for her in the kitchen, in the cowshed and in every conceivable place in the house, but Ruku was to be found nowhere.

The stir among the women caught Rajam's attention. He moved forward to his mother and asked her what it

was all about. "Nothing Rajam," his mother replied with a most self-complacent air, "they are only wondering where Ruku has gone."

Rajam's face fell. Anger and shame leapt into his face ; but suppressing his emotions, he turned away sharply from his mother saying, "The procession can't wait for Ruku; it's time to start if we want to reach the bride's house in time ; wherever she has gone, she will return, and we want some body to look after the house when we are away."

It was time to start ; Rajam mounted the gaily adorned wedding coach and about a dozen children, who had never seen the inside of a coach in their lives, scrambled up behind him and sat thickly round him. To the blaze of the torches, and the shrill notes of the flutes the marriage procession moved forward bearing the bridegroom to the home of his bride.

* * * *

"I am afraid it's all over," said the doctor as he stepped out of the room in which the little boy lay fighting for life. It was Rajam's son. He had never been a strong child, having inherited a weakness of lungs from his father. His birth had cost the life of his mother Leela; but he had never missed her. Ruku was the only mother that he knew, to whom he had turned almost instinctively from the hour of his birth. Now, the chill which he caught a few days ago, had brought

on further complications and his little race on earth was nearing its end. He lay struggling for breath...........a few minutes more...and the then his young heart was stilled for ever. With his head resting on Ruku's arms, where it had always rested during the all too brief span of three years, he passed away, unmindful of his great destiny.

Ruku sat on the bed sobbing like a child, for she had in her noble way given the boy, without measure, the throbbing affection of a thwarted mother. But her heart yearned for her husband who had not forgiven her for her disappearance on the eve of his marriage with Leela, but who now seemed completely broken up by this terrible blow.

A deep gloom settled on the house after the death of the boy. Once again, after three years of isolation, Rajam and Ruku, found themselves together, and alone, like sailors wrecked on an unknown isle. Rajam's mother had beheld the hope of the family and had passed away satisfied ; but she scarcely knew that the hope to which she so fondly clung was but a flitting phantom. They were alone; but the cloud between them had not lifted. Ruku's heart cried out for her husband ; yet she was afraid to get near to him, or offer him comfort, for his sorrow was great. Continually haunted by the image of his boy, he lost all interest in life and walked about the house as one in a dream.

Months passed in this silent grief. At length, one night, Ruku unable to endure the torture any more, gathered enough courage to enter Rajam's room. A

thin candle stood on the table emitting a faint light, and he sat there in front of it, looking out through the window in a vacant stare. Trembling at the sight of the wasted figure, Ruku slowly approached him from behind and touched his arm. The start that he gave at her touch terrified her but she did not flinch. She put her arm on his shoulder, and asked him " Won't you rest for a while? You look very ill ; how long will you nurse your grief, that has consumed you already? Have you nothing more to live for in this world? Do I mean nothing to you?". She paused quivering at the boldness of her own words.

He sat as though he did not hear ; but she could feel that his frame shook : without turning round, he attempted to speak, but his speech had forsaken him for the moment. A few minutes passed in tense silence. At length he spoke, but in a voice that might have come from a grave. He said, "Why do you distress yourself any more on my account? My son is gone, and I have nothing to hold me to this life any more—and my days will be with them that mourn. Leave me alone."

Ruku heard him and reeled back. She felt like a prisoner at the dock on whom the sentence of death had been passed ; moving round in front of Rajam and giving him a look which he could never forget in after years, she withdrew in silence from the room.

* * * *

The next morning she was found dead on her bed, with the picture of Rajam pressed close to her heart.

A.

The Grandmother in Domestic Politics.

"Grannies will squirm. They will squeal. And if the worst comes to the worst, they will fight with their backs to the wall."

That, reader, was the conclusion I arrived at after a profound reverie on the drift of civilization. I do not remember having come across the same idea anywhere during my extensive sociological studies.

Shankar was telling me of his 'plight.' His grand mothers would have spanked him if he had not stood five feet ten in his locks.

He confessed that when they prophesied perdition as his lot, he felt like a worm. The future yawned before him, cadaverous and hungry............That boastful hauteur, that fiery insolence which he so often displayed before his friends, was simply nowhere. The fellow who could bellow from one wing of the hostel to another, who could administer a ten-horse-power pat on your back, whose biceps had turned many eyes green with impotent envy—whom even teachers would hesitate before *gently* rebuking—*that* Shankar was snubbed and smothered and pulverized by three human fossils of the last century. In a moment of rashness he had imperilled the prospects of Hinduism as a World-Religion by cutting away his tuft. For that fell crime he had forfeited his scanty chances of a happy Hereafter. They told him, in so many words, that for such atheistic renegades nothing but hot H...l was in store.

Melancholy was writ large on his face when he came into my room last night.

"Hullo, old blighter, what, still devilling? !"* he said. There was a forcedness about his brusque manner that did not escape me.

"Oh, not at all. Just reading a novel, you know." We then talked of other things. At last Shankar slipped in the thin edge of the wedge with the remark, "Have you any grandmothers left ?"

I thought I detected a pathetic throb in his voice. Little did I suspect that this innocent query had anything to do with his recent enrolment into the galaxy of cropped-heads. *We* accepted the change as 'a foregone conclusion' and a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Not exactly", I replied, adding, "I have just one in the village whom I have not seen for years. Why do you ask, Shankar ?"

"Mere curiosity". After a pause he continued, "I came to tell you of a domestic row when I went home for the Christmas Holidays."

Now it dawned on me. He had three grand mothers, each one a battalion in herself. If they wanted reinforcement, they indented on the lung-power

*For the benefit of some of my readers, I may explain incidentally that 'devilling" means "working far into the night". The word however has no diabolical associations.

of their sisters in the neighbourhood. One eminent mathematician calculated, after a good deal of difficulty, that the amount of heat energy generated during their comments on his conversation, when converted into electrical energy, would have sufficed to light the hostel for a whole week.

I asked him to 'buck up.' It was all a huge hoax. Nothing like taking it in good humour and laugh over their senility. It was idiotic of him to get moody.........

This sort of talk put him into blithe spirits. He laughed over my 'constructive suggestion' that the matter be referred to the League of Nations, as it was high time that the aggressive, unprovoked and yet provocative attitude of the grandmothers was amply punished.

* * * *

This conversation switched my mind on to a consideration of the Place of the Grandmother in Domestic Politics. I surveyed her through the pages of history. Time was when her word was law; she was Nero, Frederick the Great and the Czar of Russia all rolled into one stupid thing. In our civilized days, and except for a few anamolous instances like Shankar's, she has ceased to count as a factor of importance in home life. The whole drift of human progress seems to be in the direction of the gradual annihilation of her authority. She

may not take this defeat with grace ; she will protest ; she will squirm and squeal ; and in the last ditch put up a tough fight...........

* * * *

By the time this essay is in the readers' hands, an "Association for the Suppression of Grandmothers" will have been formed. Every member takes the vow "to exasperate his (or her) grandmother (or grandmothers) as often as possible" (*vide* clause 4 (a) of the Articles of the Association) and "to hoist the flag of revolt against this public menace with a view to its ultimate extirpation" (*vide* clause 7 (c) *ibid*.)

For further particulars, please write to the Secretary, A. S. G., "Alder worth", Annamalainagar.

S. VENKATACHARI.

The Phantom from the Past.

Come to me in the silence of the night ;
Come to me in the speaking silence of a dream ;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream ;
Come back in tears ;
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet,
Where thirsting long eyes,
Watch the slow door
That opening, lets in, and lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death ;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Kiss for kiss, breath for breath ;
Bend low, speak low,
As long ago, my love, so long ago.

'P. A.'

The Cigarette.

Not with despair—for that was not yet born—nor yet with hope, for that was long dead, but with a weary indifference he lay on his back watching the shadows closing in on him and expanding his mental world as they circumscribed his physical world. They had given him cigarettes. He smiled sardonically at their magnanimity. He drew one out slowly—fresh and white and straight it looked. Once he too had been fresh and white and straight before all this started. Well, it would end soon too. Finis would be written completing the last chapter, and the book would be closed forever. The spurt of the match lit up the bleak walls. So had the sudden swift flame of his youthful beauty and brilliance brought a glow into many a miserable heart once—long ago.

The cigarette lit unevenly. Only the centre of the tip was alight. But soon, he knew, it would burn through to the sides. That was just like that passion which had burnt in the secret depths of his heart, unknown to all, unknown even to her at first, till it had burnt through him, had burst out.

Puffing evenly and pleasurably he dreamt again of the delight of their courting. The steady certitude of her love for him, or so he thought. How her big eyes would open as he would tell her of marvellous things, the places he had been to, the dangers he had survived in his long journeys, till she would become frightened and close his lips with her fingers, and he would kiss

them, and she would pout and pretend to be angry, and he would laugh.

The men outside heard his laugh and looked at each other wondering.

As he dreamt on, his forgetful fingers dropped the cigarette and a shower of little sparks flew out. He remembered with a start the unquenchable blaze of fury had driven him crazy on hearing about the other man. He had been tricked like a child—made a fool of by her. He had been driven almost crazy by the revelation, not the slow rising anger but the sudden madness that makes the brain swirl and blinds the eyes, that pounds in the heart that extinguishes every thought save one—to kill—To Kill. "O God!"

The men outside heard the moan and looked at each other pityingly.

'For each man kills the thing he loves.' He remembered the line, written by a poet when he too was in prison. And his spirit broke. O her staring eyes and her frail hands struggling at her throat—hands he had so often kissed!

The cigarette was finished—consumed like his life. He flung it away. His days too were going to end in smoke.

But the next day—his last—the grey walls—the grey faces—the rope.

G. FLAKE.

Mr. Caliban Goes Modern.

I love a joke even against myself ; but when people start blaspheming against my beard, well, there's the limit.

When I was at College, that precious accretion on my chin set the student world a-gossipping. One alluded to it as stubble ; another averred that I looked a saint with a *dark* halo around my face; a third suspected me of orthodoxy on the verge of parenthood ; a fourth opined that I was making a dash for a place among celebrities like Tagore, Bernard Shaw, and Oliver Lodge; yet another commented that I refused "to face the lawn-mower" because I was not "of the stuff martyrs are made of." Those of a speculative bias were betting on the chances of my parting company with it..............It is astonishing how fecund certain intellects can be,—over trifles. One of cursed memory asked why I had not washed !

I came to be known all over the place as "Swamiji"; disciples flocked to brush their coats against the sacred bristles. In the Historical Society of the Union, one scholar set the ball of debate rolling with the proposition : "The House is of opinion that the singeing of Mr...............'s beard will cause another war like the Philip of Spain." Obviously, neither history nor syntax seems to have been his strong point.

Some friends advised me ' to cut the Gordian knot of trouble" by enlisting a barber's offices to execute the offender. But then, there are fellows in this drab world without any romance, absolutely prosaic and callous

blokes. As I looked into the mirror every morning, I felt a quaint attachment for my more-sinned-against-than sinning beard. It had a soul. It had become a part of my very being. It seemed to whisper to me with a sad caress, "what have I done that they should rail thus at me? I do not jump at them and stick daggers into them though every mother's son of 'em deserves it !......" I had not the heart to part from such a pal. I shrank from a desertion so base.

* * * *

Two years have since glided by. I am now a trim affair with crop and all that ; I shave myself every day without compunction. In those days if I had laid hands on my reverend and paradoxical beard—it was hated and yet popular and its extinction would have stricken the whole hostel dumb—my neighbours would have mistaken my intention and yelled out for the police. The Union would have stood in silence to signify its "deep concern and grave regret" and would have authorised the Secretary to convey to me its "sincere condolences on my bereavement." Choked with emotion, strong men would weep like babes. Now no one recognises me. Familiar faces fling a casual stare at me and wonder if I *could* be "the same old..........., that blighter with the beard." They regard me as an intruder upon the natural harmony of things in Annamalainagar. My "modern-ness" is monstrous.

"Thus pass away the glories of the earth."

"CALIBAN"

The England-Returned 'Coz'

Sampat was quite an engaging little rogue. Will talk to you for hours on any blooming thing under the sun. From God-head to the rearing of guinea-pigs. Add to his own intrinsic merits an England returned 'Coz' and there you have Sampat—a pleasant tough proposition for your wisest savant. Sampat always waxed eloquent on this England returned cousin of his.

"I tell you what, Sampat" I told him one afternoon, "I'd like to see what this 'Coz' of yours is like. If you don't mind taking me to this demi-God."

"Damn you, boy", Sampat cut in and growled. "For heaven's sake, cut out satire and don't be silly".

Sampat's eyes gleamed agitatedly behind his pretentious tortoise shell goggles. Macbeth's deportment when confronted with Banquo's ghost was stolid by comparison. But dear Sampat was inclined to be a bit 'kinematic' I knew.

He toned down immediately and said : "Really, boy, I'd like you to meet him. I'm damn serious. What about going now"? A talk with him is damn good education. (Damn was Sampat's favourite expletive and he was reckless and impartial in his profusion. He used it as a noun, an adjective, an adverb, and verb of course; and he scattered his 'Damns' as you scatter pepper over pudding.)

"Right-O" I chimed in as I flicked the ash from my cigarette.

"Re-view" in Lloyd's road was quite a decent looking house. A bronchitic old man bowing deferentially ushered us in.

Introductions over, Mr. Iswan was a 'personality'. Sampat had long told me that his cousin was never christened like that.........his original name was Iswaran, but since his return from England he dropped out the immediate 'a' and 'r' after 'w' and called himself 'Iswan' to give his name an outlandish if not an entirely Anglican colour consistent with euphony (A classic instance of the influence of 'w'!). Side locks handsomely trimmed down the temples, a la Rudolf Valentino, in Tennis clothes he was a mere 'boy' in spite of his thirty or thirty-two. Sampat had always been dinning into my ears one remarkable thing about his cousin ; that he had the peculiar knack of introducing England or something pertaining to England for your commonest platitude. This trait was largely in evidence now. "You know, Coz", Sampat began "we have just formed ourselves into a sort of study-circle—some twelve or fourteen of us.........with a view to popularising contemporary English fiction.........".

"My dear chap", Mr. Iswan interrupted, "I don't believe in your blooming study circles. They come to grief, if they come to anything. Believe me, I tell you this from bitter personal experience. When I was myself an under-grad at Oxford (Sampat winked at me), some of us formed ourselves into a.......what-do-you-

call–the–thing......study–circle. You know we wanted to create some interest in 'Tate', the man, who had the laurel after Dryden. I, for one, didn't like Tate. But Spratty was a member and that chap somehow got me in. Nor did Spratty like Tate. But the Reader liked Tate and it was he who started the blooming 'biz', and Spratty just to stroke the Reader the right way fell in with his proposal. Eight or nine people more, and you had the Tate study-circle. You know what happened to us? Budding poets exercised their poetical faculty on us in satirical lampoons. People 'mobbed' us as they do Doug. or Mary. We were real celebrities. And our fame was so much for our Reader that he wound up the whole affair quietly and noiselessly. As Spratty afterwards observed to me 'study-circles are nothing but preposterous excrescences on our literary cosmos.' Form clubs for indoor games and drown books in running brooks ....Kindly pass over that briar. Thank you. I am not much of a cigarette-adorer but the briar is my joy". And he ignited his pipe.

The paper boy came in with the evening paper and that was enough for him to impart to us some precious information about English journalism.

Newspaper leaders in England were short and sensible and they rightly eschewed and cried down our 'Babu' eloquence. Every Englishman had his own paper; certain intellectual sybarites got two; while the pernicious habit of people forming themselves into a syndicate of subscribers was obtaining in India to our great moral detriment.

I remembered scores of instances where English papers had spoken anything but sense ; their cruel distortion of facts and their penchant for sensationalism. But I didn't have the moral courage to speak out.

He puffed eloquently, coughed politely, and in an expensive linen handkerchief blew his nose with a delicacy quite optimistic and refined. "This nasty weather has given me this awful cold. Nose is quite picketed, Sir". His cold put him in mind of the medical fraternity and the ills that flesh is heir to. "You should have your own private doc ;. There is no good your patronising institutions. In England, you know, almost every man has his private doc. And no wonder, Sir, they make giant strides in progress."

Not all Mr. Iswan's references to England, were relevant and sensible. Frankly, I was put out by his introducing England into every ordinary commonplace. But it seemed Mr. Iswan's chief delight to glory in English institutions and customs and cry down things Indian. His references to England, were, more often, mere references and nothing but that. A delightful denationalised type and complete at that. He passed very near the danger-zone when he began to praise to us the virtues of the people of that country which he so adored. In his enthusiasm for them he credited them with "strong imaginative powers". But, you know, Gentlemen, that the average Englishman quails when you simply threaten him with an imagination. We have it on the authority of Hugh Walpole that "imagination is the Achilles heel of their character". And Walpole,

though probably an indifferent golfer and unsound in his views on Tariff Reforms is a pretty shrewd judge of his own people.

But in spite of what has been said, it must be admitted that London, as seen through the magic vision of Mr. Iswan, was a pleasant procession of tourist post cards. Victoria station, Charing Cross, Bond Street, Saville-Row, the British Museum, our Prince of Wales and queuing came in for a large share of our discourse.

Mrs. Iswan was seen tripping down the stairs and Mr. Iswan smiled and pleasantly remarked, "Sampat, look at my wife running obstacle races with endless yards of saree. And observe how neatly the average English girl covers her lithe, lovely, limbs. There was a classmate friend of mine, one Miss. Macrone, a slim-waisted blonde affair,.........Don't you cough like that, you silly chump, Sampat.........used to have such a fine way of dressing.........and I was more at home with the Macrones than I am here. Somehow I feel England to be my mother country and I feel like a hectic and jaded foreign tourist 'doing' India. One of these days you will live to see your 'coz' an M. P. me lad."

Sampat was afraid that it was getting late.

" All right."

" Goodnight."

" Cheerio, come again," pleasantly resounded from the hall as Sampat was fumbling for a copper for the deferential domestic.

R. PARTHASARATHY.

An Economic Waste.

Two short cylinders, above them an over-stuffed sack, and above all a black, round Something, an apology for a head ! This will serve for the description of my neighbour, who, coming down the stairs yesterday made the crowd stagger and me gasp for breath.

Oh ! Himalayan Flesh ! Granary of human blood ! How many a Gandhi or a Napolean would arise out of our poor land if the grand food-stuff sacrificed at thy ever-consuming altar, were but distributed among the poor of our race ! How many bars of soap could be manufactured out of thy ever increasing fat, that forms a non-conducting sediment on the exterior of thy supple walls! And how much of marvellous energy would be released by the oxidation of thy sweet adipose ! And how much of....................(*ad infinitum ad nauseam*)

It was on a summer noon that my neighbour had a *moghlai* dinner at the wedding of a prosperous man. Full to the brim, this Johnsonian glutton, this veritable Chesterton-in-shape, tottered into the *pandal,* and suddenly dropped down asleep on the rugged floor. Two hours of self-forgetful sleep, two hours of thunderous bellowing of nostrils, two hours of non-violent submission to Lord Morpheus ; and now, he begins to roll. Not having left the portals of dreamy slumberland, he stretches out his arms, and feels with envious hands the hairy belly of a formidable foe—a dozing buffalo lying by his side. Feeling his all-pervading stomach, he

questions him with a watery mouth, "Art thou the cook?' I stood and wondered, meditating in this wise.

The exuberance of the flesh certainly proclaims the degradation of the mind; and what is worse, this fleshy disease is voluptuous in its swell. It wears out, even like an acid, the strong bonds that bind the mind and the body and sets free the latter from the control of the will. The heralding tummy that carries all before it, the disjointed limbs, and the supple bullock-neck, along with the pitiable, helpless eyes are sufficient witness to the revelry of the flesh. The curse of the railway passenger while my friend is on his journey, the jelly-like motion of his flesh as he sails, and the tardiness of his locomotion proclaim aloud the majesty of his carcase.

He is unique. There could be no two such in our small world. He is a living anomaly. The age of pre-historic mastodons has passed.

S. MAHARAJAN.

Beginning with the bath.

To bathe or not to bathe, that is the question, almost everywhere, especially in college hostels, particularly in Annamalainagar.

Bathing, in the 'Varsity hostel is not so difficult in the first term. The students are new to the hostel and to the University. They have certain missionary ideals, to get up in the morning at 5 o'clock, to have a good

bath preferably in cold water, then to go to the hotel and sit before steaming cakes and return to the section to gulp in a cup of hot coffee and then to the room to change into warm clothes ; some whisper even to work—such are the items of their morning programme. Some of the more insane idealists go even so far as to draw up a beautiful routine which looks grand between blue lines and red borders.

June, July, August pass and September comes at last. The breezy call of the notice board breathes of the holiday spirit. The three months past have disillusioned these students and given them a taste for their beds till 8 o'clock, for sitting mooning before the marbly coldness of hotel tables, for cold black coffee and sweating through college, unbathed. Add to this the holy stench of unwelcome chemistry and the paradisal airs of lecturers singing in full-throated ease, separated only by asbestos sheets porous of course to sound—'linked harshness long drawn out.' The students, relinquishing their ideals of a life of ideal freedom in the hostel, have by now learnt the truth of the tune of 'Home is a home for a' that,' and abandon hostel and ideals for home.

Sadder, not wiser, they return to the busy 'nagar' to undergo another term of voluntary imprisonment with the added attraction of the inviting music of the frogs breathing soft Lydian airs. Unrealised ideals are a skeleton in the cupboard but fortunately the doors of the cupboard are shut. Only fond memories. The incense breathing kitchen, the two joyous meals per day, the electrified magnificence-twenty-five c. p. bulbs vying

with the mid-day sun in his glory, the vision of the palatial main building by moon light, 'the cheap mirrors of natural water mercuried with mud'—Oh ! delicious ! How can the heart of man resist such sights.

Cherished long shall be the memories of bath-rooms a la mode Annamalainagar. Varied the experiences, varied the lessons, that one will carry throughout his life from these bath rooms. 'One impulse from the bath-room may teach you more of man than all the sages and savants possibly can.' The gurgling of the hard escaping water, the bass tune of the bather, the tra-la-la in crescendo of his neighbour, the loud wit combats of would be bathers, the stentorian admonitions of the server to prospective deceivers, admonitions somewhere in sound 'between the evening bells and the morning 'jack ass' form a symphony worthy of a choir in the heavens (if a choir in the heavens is anywhere near a fish market or our bath rooms) or a 'talkie' machine with a hundred loose wheels.

How many keen disappointments in reservations—in life as in our bath-rooms ! 'Knock and it shall be opened' was evidently not said of our bath rooms. 'Knock and be bruised by jutting spars of wood and iron' would be more of a truth. 'Waterloo was won in the playgrounds of Eton'; our bath-rooms are the true training ground for the winning of India's independence.

And who shall sing the glories of our Union ? Not I. And I greatly doubt whether a mortal Dante could visit our immortal Union to do it justice in poetry. Not Milton. He will be neither grand enough nor loud

enough to sing of another pandemonium. It is to Shakespeare's credit that he never attempted to depict our rival orators who could make 'Chairman Sir' seem 'profound as Kant, welcoming as a Crass band' and uplighting as the vedic hymns ('panjathi'); Shakespeare would, for once, have failed. Nor the modern reporters armed with pencil and note book, grown mellow with parliamentary experience, with scientific mind and "the sunny impersonality of a new safety-razor blade," not even they will be able to chant our glory. Only Shaw and the others are left and they may not care to.

The sticky clay has at last dried and we no longer skate to college or hostel or mess. We dance on the light fantastic toe ; the pathways are paved with good intentions *and* sharp stones ; our heels may not rest on them and be whole. Christmas cheer is over, if any cheer there was. They are no more disillusionments for neither are there any illusions. The cold reality of an absurd examination faces the students who would pass ; they take to their books with a will—with what will they have got. And the charm and the joys of college life vanish to resume sway once again in June. And there we are to-day.

R. SITARAMAN.

In vacant or in pensive mood.

There have been worships of all sorts—the snake worship, the moon worship, the sun worship, the man worship, the woman worship, the Almighty dollar worship and so on. The idea underlying them was to worship those objects which were of use to man. The birds such as the eagle and the swan, and animals such as the elephant, the horse, the rat and the lion had also acquired the sanctity and worship of men as the carriers of the gods.

Though India has been very grateful to objects which are of use, it is heart rending to note two exceptions —unpardonable exceptions—in the long list of objects for worship. They are the pig and the crow. Let us consider first their beauty and then their usefulness.

If we enter into the life of birds can we find one single bird (except the cuckoo which is the crow's cousin) which has the acute vision of the crow and its perfect black feathers? In sun and rain we see it working—working for the good of man by removing dirt, tiny worms and dead bodies. We can, and cannot compare it to a broom because whereas the broom, while it makes other things clean, is unclean itself, the crow makes other things clean and it is also clean. The man who has observed it bathe three times a day cannot help admiring it and its idea and ideal of neatness. We think of the God of Death, Yama, as a black man riding a black animal, the buffalo. God's intention in giving the

black colour to the crow—a familiar bird—was to remind us of death everpresent in our midst, and make us take the thorny path to heaven and not the primrose path of dalliance to hell. And you, reader, can you live fully without worshipping that symbol of beauty, purity and instruction?

And hereafter it is highly hoped, that you, dear readers, will worship it and bring it into its own ; by doing so we shall be giving it its due and at the same time we shall be doing ourselves a service.

The second of our misjudgments is clearly seen in our not having included the adoration of pigs among other cults. Though Darwin says that we have descended from monkeys, I am of opinion that some of us at least are descended from pigs. If we had all descended from the monkey—restless mischievous animals—we could not have had dull-headed fellows reckless of danger and rapacious eaters. If we had all descended from the cowardly monkeys, from where could we have had those hardy soldiers who fought without understanding what they fought for!. The Saxons as we all know were called swiners* because they showed the characteristics of their ancestors to a higher degree than others. Even at present we have so many examples of rapacious eaters in whom the high enviable qualities of their ancestors have not yet deteriorated.

In the primitive state of the world, and in villages of India, which consists mostly of villages, the pig is an

*This is an interpretation of 'swains' which has hitherto escaped the notice of philologists.

indispensible necessity, ever obliging and ever energetic. I am of opinion that man got his agricultural instinct from the pigs which use the nose to find the roots. Again in Laputa we see how the pigs were trained to plough the ground. It is but necessary and right that we should worship our ancestors and between you and me—reader—two persons whom I know by sight and to whom I propounded my theory by my sixth sense are worshipping the pig.

We hope that the authorities will give their consent to found a society in our university the business of which will be to give the crows and the pigs their due.

VASAM, A. B.

The Wheel of Fate.

Venugopalan was an industrious worker turning out ten hours of work a day, but any amount of study was insufficient for his poor sievelike brain to retain and this very fact accounted for his abnormal work. His teacher had always pointed out his defects to him and congratulated him on his industry, but at times, like all others, he flew into a fearful transport of fury at the genuine idiocy of his pupil. Yet with all that Venu had the most undaunted and never yielding spirit. Whenever he tried to solve a problem in arithmetic he tackled it until after a score of trials and hours of time he arrived triumphantly at the wrong answer. He had been taught the maxim—"Try again" in the lower classes and he

made the best use of it by having it before him as his motto and it seemed as though it was specially designed for him. Thus the year 1928 found him a full blown Matriculate of the Madras University after he had proved himself worthy of being the younger brother of Mohamad of Ghazni!

Being the only son of rich parents Venu lavishly celebrated his recent success in the examination. He invited his friends who were once his class-mates and now were graduates, for though Venu was intellectually inferior to them he was very careful to see that the sweet bond of friendship did not break asunder. Being a fashionable youth he at once ran up to Madras for his tailoring and by the end of May he went back to his place a fine short thick set gentleman in a tweed suit, with his newly cut oxford crop presenting a very glossy appearance thanks to Yardley's Pomade and his well trimmed whiskers about two millimeters below his nostrils. The whole of June he was busy making arrangements to join the college. He applied to various colleges and proudly exhibited his correspondence with so many Principals. At last, after mature consideration he pitched upon the Presidency College, Madras.

By the first week of July he was in the college. Venu was no more the old chap of six months back, burning midnight candles and getting by heart a few nasty definitions in Physics. Though Venu could not speak English very fluently, he was given special concession by his friends as long as they allowed themselves to eat and drink at his expense. He had a special

account opened at Neo Komala Vilas and at the end of every month he could be found gaping at the bills he had to meet.

Amongst the multitude of friends that Venu had was one Rajagopalan who was a poor, bright student studying in the V-Honours class. At first Venu avoided him because he was ill dressed and had dishevelled uncropped hair, for Venu considered one who had no crop a barbarian. But later on he found in Raju a tender heart, genius and above all, the most polished manners. He then magnanimously, magnanimously because he overlooked Raju's so called barbarism, took him up as his friend and surprisingly enough they grew thick as thieves. Venu helped him financially a good deal, but ere long they had to part because it was the end of the year and Raju had to sit for the Public Examination Raju being a brilliant student came out with flying colours getting a Presidency first to his credit. Raju had n't to wait long for a job and in June he was the Manager of an Indian firm in Madras.

Thus time rolled on until Venu got through the B.A. Examination both through industry and money. Unfortunately for him his father who was a merchant sustained a great loss and ran into debt. The ship carrying his merchandise had very rudely run into a rock and was wrecked. The news of this loss gave a sudden shock to Venu's father and he succumbed to it at a time when his only son was squandering away his money celebrating his success in the examination. Venu himself had run into debt.

About seven in the evening Venu returned from tennis. He had just changed his clothes and was lying in his easy chair reading the Vicar of Wakefield. There was a knock at the door. Venu ran to open it thinking it was his friend. He was astonished to find a messenger with a telegram. He opened it anxiously and after reading it he staggered violently against the door frame. It announced the death of his father. After a few minutes he came back to himself. He looked intently at the telegram and then at the bills he had to meet and as he thought of his father and the debt he had run into, big round tears rolled down his clean shaven cheeks. But soon he composed himself. "Sweet are the uses of adversity":—those were the words that ran through his brain. He thought it foolish to weep like a girl, and having emboldened himself he started for his village.

The six months that Venu spent at his village saw a great change in him. He no longer wore tweed suits. His neck was no longer encircled by a stiff collar adorned with a fashionable tie. It was with the greatest reluctance that he left off coffee-drinking. Even smoking was abandoned. He was totally reformed. The one important item in his daily routine was to go through the 'Wanted' columns of the newspaper. He spent six months of his life thus, but finding it useless to remain without a job he went to Madras.

One beautiful evening when Venu was going along the beach he noticed a fine building with a big board displaying 'The Mercantile Bank' and an elegant Sedan

Buick before it. At the wheel sat a familiar gentleman. On seeing him Venu stopped for a time scrutinising him. Their eyes met. It was Rajagopalan. With an apology Raju broke the silence that ensued. "Aren't you Venugopalan?" Yes', was the instantaneous reply. Rajagopalan motioned Venu to the back-seat. Venu got into the car.

'Megha Bhavan' was a little house neat and compact. Raju got down from the car followed by Venu. He then led him into the house. At the threshold Raju with a swift movement of the forefinger turned the 'out' on his name board to 'in.' Venu was then ushered into a magnificently furnished drawing room. With an apology Raju went to the adjoining room to change his dress. Meanwhile Venu took a cursory view of the chamber. Above the mantelpiece stood out conspicuously the 'We are Seven' group-photo taken at college. In the centre sat Venu in full 'pompiety for' that was the word that Venu used for 'pomp.'

While he thus sat, now looking at the photo, now at the ceiling, Rajagopal entered apparelled in white.

Well! said Raju 'How are you getting on?' With a heavy heart Venu related to him all his misfortunes and concluded with a smile characteristic of him 'I've come here job hunting.'

Rajagopalan was deeply touched. He was reminded of Venu's help at college and ever since he felt a deep sense of indebtedness towards him. Now was the occasion when he could pay back his debt, and the

occasion found him ready. After a few questions about Venu's domestic affairs Raju concluded thus:—'Well, my dear Venu, I am really very glad to tell you that there's a post vacant in my office and you've come to me at the right moment. Come to my office to-morrow and take charge."

Venu's heart was thumping with joy when he was suddenly attracted by the clock chiming seven. "It's getting late now, Raju I'll go over to you to-morrow, Good-night !"

GOOD-NIGHT.

Venu stepped out of 'Megha Bhavan.' An old quotation from 'Lear' floated into his memory. 'The wheel has turned full circle.'

S.R.N. BADRI RAO.

Hostel Notes.

At the beginning of the term the Vice-Chancellor unveiled the portrait of the late Mr. P. K. Mahadevan, the sub-warden of the hostel and spoke a few words on his sterling qualities of that had endeared him to us. It was given a place in the Reading Room.

Early in the month of January Mr. C. P. Damodara Menon resigned the secretaryship of the Representative Council and in his place Mr. G. Venkatasubramanian was elected unanimously. The out-going

secretary gave us freely of his time and energy while he was in office.

The Co-operative Society, having taken on itself the duty of supplying the provisions for the hostel—quite unprecedented in the annals of the University, with its motto of cheap prices and good quality—will, we hope, be an asset to the hostel. We are sure that it will keep up its high ideal, as we have hitherto found it.

The Hostel Day was celebrated on the 13th February, 1932.

The University Union.

President.—Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Chairman.—Mr. A. S. Anantha Padmanabhan (II Term.)
Mr. M. Rajah (III Term.)

Secretary.—V. Achyuthan Nair.

The activities of the Union for the 2nd term began on the morning of the Founders' Day (12th Oct. '31) when an extra-ordinary meeting was held in the University Hall under the distinguished presidency of Rao Bahadur R.V. Krishna Iyer Avl., B.A., M.L. Secretary to the Legislative Council, Madras. M. Ratnaswamy, Esq., M.A., C.I.E., Member of the Public Services Commission, Madras, addressed the House on "The Relation between History

and Politics." He pointed out that if political discussion is to be of any use and is to end in the formulation of political ideas and ideals, it should be based on a minute study of the facts of history and of contemporary social and political life. After citing various examples from the histories of the Ancient Roman Empire, Britain, France and Russia in support of his thesis that history does offer guidance in modern political conduct, he emphasised the fact, that the course of history can only teach lessons but not supply models for slavish imitation.

On the 14th Dec. 1931, Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A., Ph. D., B. Com., Bar-at-Law, delivered an inspiring lecture on "The splendour that was of'Ind' " and showed several lantern slides which were the pictorial representation of a glory that has passed away from the face of this land. Two days later, Mr. A. Mendeloff, B.A. (Hons.), Lond., delivered a very interesting lecture on "University Life in England" and set the audience roar with laughter at regular intervals by describing in detail, the light-hearted frivolities of the English under-graduates. In the course of two lectures on "Miracles of Healing" and "Radiant Health" delivered on the 17th and 18th of Dec, respectively, Mr. K. L. Sarma B.A., B.L., succeeded in inculcating in the minds of many a belief in the system of nature-cure. The 6th extraordinary meeting for the year was held on the 8th Jan. 1932, with Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S., in chair, when R. M. Statham, Esq., M.A., C.I.E., I.E.S., addressed the House on "A sentimental journey." In a delightful speech, Mr. Statham carried his audience away with him to enjoy the beauties of

Bombay, Baroda, the Punjab, Simla, Delhi, Burma and Malabar. At the next extraordinary meeting, Prof. C. S. Srinivasachari, M.A., delivered an eloquent address on "The Indian Renaissance." He called the present generation as one of revolt and said that this spirit of revolt is being felt in all walks of life, social, political, and religious. A century ago, the Indians thought that with the British-Raj, a golden age of peace and prosperity had dawned on India. But this feeling of satisfaction gradually vanished and its disappearance is responsible for the present spirit of agitation.

Many ordinary meetings were conducted in which several subjects of varied interest were discussed with an animation, which the Union alone is capable of. On the 17th Octo. 1931, the House threw out the resolution that "Communal settlement should not stand in the way of a satisfactory constitution being framed for India." At the next meeting the House refused to believe that "Music is a nuisance." On the following week it was resolved that "College fees should be paid in kind" and the secretary was authorised to communicate the resolution to the authorities of the Annamalai University. On the 14th Nov. 1931, the House by an overwhelming majority passed the motion that "A Free Press is an indispensable necessity for the development of Free India." Mr. S. Satyamurthy B.A., B.L., who participated in the debate defined Free Press as a press having the freedom to express its opinion freely on all public questions, subject to the laws of the land and not a press having an unfettered license to publish, whatever press men want to publish. He said that a press should be

free from the absolute control not only of the Government of the country but also from the party politics and the monied interests of the country. All the papers of England, probably with the one solitary exception of the 'Daily Herald', are controlled by a handful of plutocrats. The free development not only of India but of any other country is impossible unless the press of the country is completely freed from all such baneful influences. On the following week, the House rejected a motion that "Classes in schools and Colleges in India should be held in the morning hours". At the next meeting it was resolved that "Military training should be made compulsory in Indian Universities." On January 9th the House rejected the motion that "Nothing succeeds like Hypocrisy." It may be mentioned, in this connection, that Mr. M. R. Gopalan, General Secretary of the Government College Union, Kumbhakonam, took part in the debate. On January 16th, the House concluded after an animated debate that "Legislation is not the best way of effecting Social Reform in India." At the next meeting, the House almost unanimously disapproved of "the Manchurian Policy of the League of Nations."

At a special meeting of the Union held on the 20th January 1932, Mr. V. Satyanarayana Choudary of the Andhra Christian College moved that "In the opinion of this House, University Education in modern India must be practical rather than cultural." Messrs. P. N. Vasudeva Rao, V. Achyuthan Nair and T. A. Subramaniam were the chief speakers from the Union while the mover supported by Messrs. C. H. Luke, P.E.H. Paulus, Abdul Salaam and Jeevaratnam John represented the

Andhra Xian College. The motion was put to vote and was declared carried.

In Private business resolutions have been passed placing on record the services rendered by Messrs. T. A. Subramaniam and A. S. Anantha Padmanabhan as Chairman for the 1st and 2nd terms respectively. The House has also placed on record its sense of appreciation of the services rendered by Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A. (Bomb), B.A. (Cantab), sometime President and Member of the Managing Committee.

At a business meeting held on the 11th Feb. the Secretary moved that "This House approves of the motion placed before the Academic Council of the Annamalai University on the 18th Dec. 1931, "that it be a recommendation to the Syndicate and the Academic Council that the necessary regulations be passed prescribing suitable dress alike distinctive, graceful and cheap, to be worn by the students of the University in their classes, in the Library, at the meetings of their Union, on ceremonial occasions and during retreats and inter-University functions." After a full-dress debate the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. It was forwarded to the Academic Council with some suggestions concerning the kind of dress to be prescribed.

A few more meetings are expected to be held before the Union Day which is arranged to be celebrated before the close of February.

English Language and Literature Society.

President.—Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A., (Bomb), B.A. (Cantab)

M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, Avl., M.A., I.E.S. (III Term.)

Chairman.—Mr. K. Karunakara Menon (II Term.)

Mr. S. Sankaranarayanan (III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. R. Parthasarathi.

The Inaugural function of the Society was celebrated about the middle of the second term. Mr. A. Mendeloff, B.A. (Hons.) (Lond), Reader in English, read a very interesting and informative paper on "Some of the aspects of the form and plot of the eighteenth century novel" and Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A. (Bomb), B.A. (Cantab), presided. There was another extraordinary meeting held in the same term—Mr. S.P. Ragland, M.A., bringing home to the minds of the members the beauties of Robert Bridges.

"The English genius is incapable of comedy of pure wit," "The three unities are essential for drama," "Satan, and not Adam, is the hero of Milton's Paradise Lost" were some of the subjects discussed in the second term.

At an ordinary meeting held early this term, members expressed their sense of appreciation of the services rendered to the society by Prof. Khadye—our out-going president and Mr. Karunakara Menon—the out-going chairman.

The House recorded its sense of grief at the death of Lytton Strachey, noted critic and biographer.

" Milton gained by his Puritanism" and "The novel should be made a thing of detailed study and should be given as important a place in our University curriculum as poetry and drama" were the subjects discussed early this term.

Economics Society.

President.—Dr. B. V. N. Naidu, Bar-at-law.

Secretary.—Mr. C. V. Subramanian, IV (Hons.)

Chairman.—Mr. A. Ragavachary, V (Hons.)

The work of the Society during the second term was a little slack owing to the setting in of the rainy season. The Society opened the second term with a lecture on the still highly controversial question of the "Falling off of the gold standard." "Rural Problems" attracted the attention of the Society to a great extent for there was one ordinary and another extraordinary lecture on the subject.

History Society.

President.—Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. R. Sadasivan IV Class (II Term.)

Mr. T. K. Srinivasan IV (Hons.)
(III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. V. Ramamurthy IV (Hons.)

During the period under review five meetings were held of which four were ordinary and one extraordinary. The Inaugural address of the society was delivered by Prof. C S. Srinivasachariar, **M.A.**, on the 8th January. Many interesting and academically useful subjects were discussed in the ordinary meetings. The following are the subjects discussed.—

On the 6th November 1931 the House was seriously engaged in discussing the merits and demerits of "Bolshevism." "A Federal constitution for India" formed the subject of discussion of the meeting held a fortnight later. On the 15th January 1932 a paper on 'Indian states in the future federation" was read before the society. A week later the burning question of "Reparations" was discussed.

Efforts are being made to unveil a portrait of the late Professor P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar under the auspices of the society.

Philosophy Society.

President.—Dr. Saileswara Sen, M.A., D. Litt. et. Phil.

Chairman.—Mr. K. Someswaran, IV Class (II Term)

Mr. S. R. Parthasarathy, IV Class (III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. S. Hanumaji Rao, IV (Hons.)

In the course of the 2nd and 3rd terms, the society had several ordinary and extraordinary meetings. Dr. Saileswara Sen delivered a lecture on "The nature of verbal Testimony as a source of knowledge in ancient Indian Logic." Two other interesting lectures on "The Vedanta Sutras of Badarayana" and "The Biological evidences on evolutions" were delivered by Messrs. B. N. Krishnamurthy Sarma, B.A. (Hons.) and R. V. Seshaiya, M.A., respectively. In one of the ordinary meetings Mr. V. N. Ramaswamy, IV (Hons.) spoke on "The Ethics of Thirukkural."

Sanskrit Society.

President.—M.R.Ry. K. Rama Pisharoti, Avl., M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. R. Ramakrishna Iyer V. (Hons.) (I Term.)

Mr. T. P. Ranganadhan, IV (Hons.) (II Term.)

Mr. C. S. Venkateswara Iyer, (I year) Siromani, (III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. R. Rajagopalan, IV Class.

The Inaugural address of the society for the year 1931–1932, was delivered by Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A. (Bomb.) B.A. (Cantab), when he spoke on the "Principles of Literary criticism." M.R.Ry. A. V. Gopalachariar Avl., M.A., B.L., delivered two lectures on "Kumarasambhava" and "Stotras of Vedanta Desika," under the auspices of this society. Among other visitors to the society were M.R.Ry. K. Krishnamachariar Avl., of Tirupati, who discoursed on "The ethical value of Ramayana," and "Tragedy in Sanskrit dramas," and M.R.Ry. Mahamahopadhyaya Anantakrishna Sastrigal Avl., Professor of Sanskrit, Calcutta University, who delivered an eloquent address on "The excellence of the Sanskrit language." Brahma Sri Ramasubba Sastrigal delivered a speech on "Sakuntalam", and Brahma Sri Narasimha Sastrigal, on "Uttara Rama Charitam."

We have had a very large number of ordinary meetings when several subjects of interest were discussed. Some of the subjects discussed were as follows :—

" Kalidasa ", " The study of Mudrarakshasa ", " Mrcchakatika " " Hamsasandesa," " Bhasa problem," "Kalidasa's Technique" "Aesthetic Beatitude," "Samskrta Bhasa," "Ahimsa," "Stotra Ratnam," "Naishadham" "Rama's justification in killing Vali," "Widow Marriage" "Bhakti cult" etc.

In private business the society passed resolutions recording its appreciation of the services rendered by the ex-Secretary, V. Krishnamurthi and ex-Chairmen, Messrs,

R. Ramakrishna Iyer, and T. P. Ranganadhan. The society also passed resolutions of condolence at the demise of Professor P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, Mm. Haraprasad Sastri, C.I.E., Kuruchi Seshadri Iyengar, and Brahma Sri Parameswara Sastrigal of Chidambaram. In another resolution the house authorised the Secretary to communicate its disapproval of Widow Marriage to the Legislative Assembly.

This year, a Managing Committee was appointed by the President. Members are allowed to speak either in English or in Sanskrit, and this has enabled the students of the Oriental College to take an active part in proceedings of the Society.

Social Reform Club.

President.—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Chairman.—Mr. V. N. Ramaswamy, IV (Hons.) (III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. M. Rajah, IV (Hons.)

The year's work of the club is very satisfactory. Instead of being a club of vain discussions on social problems some substantial work is being done.

The Rural Propaganda Committee went on lecturing tours to the neighbouring villages of Sivapuri, Kusavanpettai, Natarajapuram, etc. Lectures in Tamil on cleanliness, education, temperance, etc., were given. At

Thiruvakkulam a lantern lecture was given by Mr. Gopala Rao, Health Officer, Chidambaram, under the presidency of Dr. B.V.N. Naidu, M.A., Ph. D., B. Com., Bar-at-law.

Thanks to the munificent donations of our generous Pro-Chancellor, the Rajah Saheb of Chettinad, Mrs. Khadye, the Vice-Chancellor and the members of the University staff, the night school which was started for day-labourers at Annamalainagar is doing good work. There are about thirty-five pupils including two girls and all are provided with free slates and books.

The club once had the pleasure of listening to R. M. Statham Esq., M.A., C.I.E., I.E.S., on "Social Service Abroad." In ordinary meetings important topics like "Temple entry," "Social Reform through the Stage" were discussed. The members are evincing very great interest in the activities of the club.

The Annamalai University Mathematics Association.

President.—M. R. Ry. A. Narasinga Rao, Avl., M.A., L.T.

Vice-President.—M.R.Ry. G. V. Krishnaswamy Iyengar, Avl., M.A.

Secretaries.—Messrs. N. Srinivasan and B. Madhava Pai (I and II Term.)

Messrs. V. Sivasubramanian and B. Madhava Pai (III Term.)

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Prof. T. Suryanarayana of the Presidency College on "The Study of Mathematics at Cambridge," with Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswamy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., of the Madras University in the chair. At an extraordinary meeting on the 12th Sept. 1931 M. R. Ry. T. Totadri Iyengar Avl., M.A., of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, delivered an interesting lecture on "The Concept of the Universe, old and new"; the President of the Association presided.

During the year under review twelve ordinary meetings were held, in which papers were read on interesting subjects of a varied nature such as "The Theory of Congruences." "Intuition," "The General Tetracyclic Co-ordinates," "The Origin and Development of the Number Concept," "Ovals" etc. There are on our programme six more ordinary meetings to be conducted before the end of the academic year.

At one of the ordinary meetings a resolution was passed that it is desirable to have the portraits of eminent mathematicians unveiled under the auspices of the Association.

At the suggestion of M.R.Ry. V. Ramaswamy Iyer Avl., the Founder of "The Indian Mathematical Society," the Association has started a "Problems Section" to promote the spirit of inquiry among its members. It is hoped that the fruits of these juvenile activities will be substantial enough to form the nucleus of the Journal of the Association.

The Association expresses its sense of thankfulness to the University authorities for having kindly arranged for the members to go on an astronomical excursion to the observatory at Kodaikanal.

The Valedictory Address will be delivered early next month.

The Physics Society.

President.—Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, M.A., Ph. D. (London.)

Secretary.—Mr. R. A. Varadarajan, IV Class.

Part of the report of the Society for the academic year 1931–32 appeared in the last number of the Annamalainagar Miscellany.

Since that report, there have been held nine ordinary meetings. We have also had two extra-ordinary lectures, one by Mr. K. Viswanathan, L.E.E. (Hons.) Assistant engineer in Khaleswar Mills, Coimbatore, on 'Electricity a commodity of Comfort,' and the other by Mr. V. C. Verghese, M. A. of Wesly College, Madras, on "Wireless."

M. R. Ry. R. K. Viswanadha Iyer Avl., M. A., addressed the society on "The Constitution of Matter" on the 22nd October, 1931. In the course of the lecture he explained the investigations of Prof. Bohr and Balmer's Series and Lyman Series. On the 5th November, there was a lecture on "Pyrometry" by Mr. S.

Sriraman, B. A. On the 12th November there was a lecture on "Lightning" by Mr. V. Seshadri, B.A. On the 30th November and 1st December, two lectures were delivered by Mr. G. Sivarama Krishnan, B.A. (Hons.) on "The Comets, Meteors, the Stars and Planets," and 'The Stellar Structure, according to Eddington, Jeans, Fowler, Prof. M. N. Saha, etc., M.R.Ry. R. V. Seshaiya Avl., M.A., addressed the Society on the 19th January 1932, on "The Scope of Zoo-Physics."

As usual the members showed geeat interest in the working of the Society.

The Society has placed on record the condolence resolution on the death of Sir Alwa Edison on the 22nd October 1931.

The Annamalai University Malayalee Club.

President.—Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M.A.

Chairman.—Mr. T. Krishnankutty Menon, (II Term).

Mr. A. P. Sankaran Nair, (III Term.)

Secretary.—Mr. K. Karunakara Menon.

The club has now begun to follow the new Constitution drafted by the Sub-committee. According to it the membership of the club has been thrown open to non-Malayalees also and it has made provision for the institution of a permanent fund.

We have had two extra-ordinary meetings, one in each term, when Mr. V. M. Kuttikrishna Menon, B.A., and Swami Gnana Bhaskarananda addressed the house. Of ordinary meetings we have had six, four in the second term, and two in the third, when we conducted debates on interesting topics like "The need for a separate Kerala Province," "The merits and demerits of the institution of Marumakkathayam," "Whether moral instruction is the business of poetry." "The modern system of education in India as a failure from the national point of view" etc.

In private business, the House passed the two following resolutions.

1. "This House places on record its sense of appreciation of the services rendered to it by Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair as Chairman for the 1st term."

2. "This House places on record its sense of appreciation of the services rendered to it by Mr. T. Krishnankutty Menon, as Chairman for the 2nd term."

The Annamalai University Andhra Sangham.

President.—M. R. Ry. S. E. Runganathan Avergal, M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu, M.A., B. Com., Ph.D., Bar-at-Law.

Secretary.—Mr. A. Veera Raghava Rao.

Treasurer.—Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao.

Members of the Managing Committee.—	Mr. S. Sreeramamurthy. ,, Abdul Jabbar.
Editor of the Manuscript Magazine.—	Mr. M. Koteswara Rao.
Members of the Editorial Board.—	Mr. J. V. Somayajulu. ,, P. Narayanachar.

Chairman.—Mr. V. Jagannadha Rao (III Term).

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The Anniversary of the Sangham was celebrated on 30th January 1932, when M.R.Ry. Vernavarapu Ramadas Pantulu Garu delivered the Anniversary Address; Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E S., Vice-Chancellor presided.

The President in his opening remarks, eulogised the services rendered by Ramadass Pantulu Garu to the country and requested the learned lecturer to deliver the address.

The lecturer appealed to the audience to develop cosmopolitanism and to sink all the differences of caste colour and creed. He requested the Vice-Chancellor to introduce a Telugu Board of Studies in this University as soon as possible. He wished the Sangham all prosperity.

V. Satyanarayana Garu then delivered a lecture in Telugu in which he appealed to the audience to develop simplicity, sincerity and sanctity, which should be the

dominant features of every sincere worker. The President in his concluding remarks thanked the lecturers of the day. After a vote of thanks by the Secretary,. the function came to a close.

The celebrations of the day were brought to a close with the en-actment of "Ramdas" by the members of the Sangham.

The Annamalai University Karnataka Sangha.

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avargal, M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Vice-President.—M.R.Ry. A. Narasinga Rao Garu, M.A., Dean of the Faculty of Science.

Chairman.—Mr. P. Narayanachar, B.A.

Secretary.—Mr. K. B Krishna Rao.

The Sangha is functioning vigorously ever since its formation in September 1931. About ten meetings have been held, and many interesting topics such as 'Vidyanagara Rajya Samsthapane,' 'Kavi Ranna'; 'Karnataka Province,' 'Vanaras as men' have been discussed.

The Sangha is getting a Kannada Monthly, 'Jaya Karnataka.'

Efforts are being made to start a manuscript Magazine.

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The Annamalai University Students' Co-operative Stores, Ltd.

With the new year we have begun new activities; and we take it as the first step in a course of steady development and advance for our Stores. We have become a Registered Society under the Co-operative Societies Act; and we have begun supply of groceries to the University Hostel and the other residents of Annamalainagar.

At a general-body meeting held on 2nd November 1931 at which Mr. P.N. Damodara Mudaliar, the Deputy Registrar of Co-operative Societies cuddalore was present the Stores was formally registered under the Co-operative Societies Act, and the certificate of Registration also was read. Then Mr. C. V. Srinivasachari Advocate Chidambaram spoke a few words about Co-operation and its benefits.

The following office-bearers were elected for the year.

President.—Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President.—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, M.A., B. Com., Bar-at-Law

Secretary.—Mr. C. R. Mylur, B.A. (Hons.)

Board of Directors:—

Mr. N. Viswanatha Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Dr. S. R. Rao, M.A., P.H.D. (Lond.)

Mr. N. Venkatesvar Rao.
Mr. K. R. Radhakrishnan.

With the kind support and sympathy of the University authorities, we hope to progress in various directions and open up fresh avenues of business to serve the students of the University and the other residents of Annamalainagar.

The Dramatic Club.

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President.—Mr. T. B. I. Mathew.
Mr. C. R. Myleru.

Committee.—Mr. A. Mendeloff.
Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair.
Mr. P. Balasubramanian.

Secretary.—Mr. K. S. Venkataraman.

The Annual Variety Entertainment came off on the 6th February 1932. The programme commenced with a Chorus sung by the Music College students. 'The Dance,' (Bharatha Natyam), 'Pyramid Building and exercices on the bar' and 'Mimicry' followed in quick succession. The representation of 'The Beggar Prince' by Mr. Srinivas and the English Songs of Mr. A. Mendeloff were very much appreciated by the audience. Bernard Gilbert's "Old Bull" was brilliantly acted by Messrs. S. P. Ragland, V. Achyuthan Nair, K. Karunakara Menon, N. J. Devadoss and L. R. Subbarayan. The

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credit for the great success that attended the Canarese play and the Tamil farce must be given to Messrs. C. N. Sadasivayya and B. M. Bhat. The Sanskrit Play "Bhagavidajjukiyan," in spite of the difficulty of language was very much appreciated mainly due to the successful acting of Messrs. T. M. Swaminathan and Sivaramakrishna Sastrigal.

Our Exchange List.

The receipt of the following Magazines is acknowledged with thanks :—

1. Presidency College Magazine, Madras Jan. 1932.
2. The Christian College Magazine, Madras Dec. 1931.
3. Queen Mary's College Magazine, Madras.
4. The Wesley College Magazine, Madras.
5. The Loyola College Magazine, Madras Feb. 1932.
6. Kumbakonam College Magazine Nov. 1931.
7. St. Thomas' College Magazine, Trichur Dec. 1931.
8. Zamorin's College Magazine, Calicut Dec. 1931.
9. Magazine of the University Students Union Vizayanagaram Feb. 1932.
10. The National College Magazine Feb. 1932.
11. The Findlay College Magazine, Negapatam Dec. 1231.

Thompson & Co., Ltd., University Printers, Madras.